

Curtain Call by Luddleston

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Summary:

"Once, he got so excited, he set the curtains on fire."

Bull wants to take things slow. Dorian thinks that's a ridiculous idea. Property damage ensues, but hey, at least Dorian has the time of his life.

Curtain Call

Author's Note:

Well, this fic has taken ages. I've done a lot of research (read: talked to Luke about gay sex too much), and now the curtain fic is a thing.

I feel accomplished, guys.

“Would you hurry up? I'd like to get to your room sometime in the next twelve hours,” Dorian snapped, pulling Bull with him as he made a beeline for his room.

Bull chuckled and continued to follow him at a leisurely pace. “Someone’s eager,” he said, reaching out to grab Dorian around the waist and press kisses to his exposed shoulder.

Dorian huffed and looked around the hall. “Nobody’s watching,” Bull said, his hand moving from trapping Dorian to holding him, his broad fingers spreading across Dorian’s chest. His lips moved to Dorian’s neck, chin nudging aside his collar so he could kiss his neck.

“Not here,” Dorian said, but he relaxed against Bull and tilted his head so Bull could kiss more of him. Dorian’s hair was a little shaggy, and there was stubble on his jaw that rasped against the three-day beard Bull was sporting. Dorian’s hands clenched around Bull’s wrist. Normally, he would have ducked out of Bull’s grasp and immediately gone somewhere less populated, but he was more than a little tipsy and he’d just gotten back from a mission that lasted ages.

“You were gone for three weeks,” Bull observed, noting that Dorian had his eyes closed and wasn’t going to notice the small group stumbling out of the tavern. Not like it was unusual for some couple or another to be necking in the shadows outside Skyhold’s tavern. Not that they were a couple. “And then,” his next kiss left a wet sound lingering in the air. “Then...” Bull had to admit the alcohol had gotten to him, too.

“Then Sera dragged the lot of us into the tavern because we had to celebrate the return of Her Worship? And I wanted to get in your lap and kiss you senseless but I couldn’t because...”

“You could have,” Bull teased. “You know I don’t care.”

Dorian cared, though. He cared way too much about the way all the Chargers would holler at them and how at least one person would choke on their drink if they saw Dorian, proper, persnickety Dorian, getting on the Iron Bull’s lap in the middle of the tavern.

Dorian’s only response was to pull Bull forward again. “Come on,” he urged, “you can’t tell me you want to do anything other than take me to bed after that.”

“Well, yes,” Bull agreed, his arm still around Dorian’s shoulders as they walked back to Bull’s room. It was always Bull’s room. He’d never seen the inside of Dorian’s, because Dorian needed somewhere that he felt safe. Somewhere private, that was only his. Plus, Bull was alright with sharing, even when Dorian stole his blankets in the middle of the night. As long as it meant he was still there in the morning.

“I never thought Skyhold’s weather would make me so happy,” Dorian sighed, “but after the never-ending downpour that is Crestwood, anything seems wonderful by comparison.” He was leaning heavily on Bull, who was entirely unsubtle as he groped Dorian’s ass on the way to the door.

As soon as they got in Bull’s room, Dorian started stripping, and Bull chuckled. “Do you know how to take things slow?” he asked.

“I do not,” Dorian replied, fully naked and sitting in the middle of Bull’s bed. Dorian was beyond impatient tonight. He hadn’t even made a stop back at his room to change out of the still-muddy robes he’d worn in Crestwood, or to trim his mustache and shave. It did things to Bull’s ego, not to mention what it did to the rest of him.

He stepped out of his boots and crossed the room to lean over Dorian. “Maybe I’ll teach you how,” he said.

“Not now, I hope?” Dorian’s eyebrow arched. Bull liked how his eyes looked when they were lined with black, but clearly, the rain had worn off the makeup and Dorian didn’t bother putting any back on. Bull liked watching it smudge when Dorian got so into things he forgot he was wearing it and dragged his palms across his eyes.

“What if I did say now?” Bull asked, smoothing one hand down Dorian’s chest and curling it around his hip. Dorian must not have been that drunk, for how easily he was getting hard, and he prodded Bull’s side with his foot.

“I’d...” he began, but he paused to watch Bull’s hand curl around his thigh, his fingers spanning it easily. He swallowed. “I’ll be... quite incensed, really.”

Bull’s hand moved to push up under Dorian’s knee, and he lifted Dorian’s leg to fit over one of his horns. Dorian caught on and hooked his other knee over the opposite horn, tipping his head back and grabbing at his own hair when Bull bit the inside of his thigh. Dorian moaned his name, followed by an honestly *whiny*, “please,” and Bull grabbed his hips hard enough that there would be marks, running his wide tongue up the underside of Dorian’s cock. He could feel the muscles under his fingers straining, could feel Dorian’s heels digging into his back, and as much as Bull wanted to take things slow, show Dorian all that sex could be, it wasn’t happening tonight.

He swallowed Dorian all the way down in one go, which earned him the sweetest shout. Dorian didn’t like to admit it, but when he lost all control, his voice went breathy and he got loud. During the day, Dorian liked to pretend the whole keep didn’t know they were fucking, but he screamed Bull’s name so often it was starting to get ridiculous the way he would claim he had no idea what anyone was talking about.

Bull turned his one eye to watch Dorian as he sucked him off, loving the way his chest heaved and his hands twisted in the sheets. Dorian liked having something to hold onto, whether it was bedposts, blankets, or Bull.

For a second, Bull pulled off, running his thumb through the slick on Dorian’s cock, before going down again, pressing the wet pad of his thumb

against Dorian's perineum, the added pressure making Dorian moan, quick and hot and low.

"Bull, slow down, slow *down*, *I'm*," he started, cutting himself off with a harsh breath and a shaky groan.

Bull chuckled around him and Dorian yelped. "Stop that!"

He leaned back long enough to say, "What happened to you yelling at me to hurry up?" before swallowing him down again and spreading his tongue flat over Dorian's cock. He loosened his grip on Dorian's thighs and let him squirm for a few moments, lying still, before sucking hard. He could listen to Dorian's moans all day. Well, maybe not literally, but he still loved the sound Dorian made when he came. He pulled his mouth off Dorian and stroked him off with his hand, which meant he was wiping spunk off his cheek after he nudged Dorian's legs off his horns.

Dorian looked at him and grinned, with more mirth than just satisfaction. "I got it on your eyepatch," he remarked.

"Oh, shit, really?" Bull took the patch off, snorted halfway in amusement, halfway in frustration, and wiped it on the sheets. They were dirty enough already, anyway. He hung it on the bedpost after.

"Come here," Dorian said, sitting up and reaching for Bull's cock.

"You don't have to," he said, but Dorian's fingers were already wrapping around him and tugging, teasing just a little.

He grinned, his mouth curling under his messily-uncurled mustache. "I want to," he said, one arm going behind the Bull's shoulders to pull him down. Bull straddled him, bracing his elbows on either side of Dorian's head, and kissed him. It was messy; Dorian couldn't really kiss back while he was jerking Bull off, and he was still loose and boneless from orgasm. It didn't take long for him to get Bull worked up, and he bent down to kiss Dorian's neck and left him some bright, fresh marks there.

Dorian's hand clenched tight on Bull's shoulder, his nails scratching just a little. Bull smirked into his neck, pleased that Dorian had put effort into remembering what Bull liked. Dorian managed the effort to channel just a little lightning into the fingers that were digging into Bull's shoulder, the shock echoing through his body and making him shudder and come without much warning, a flash of warmth over Dorian's stomach.

Bull rolled onto his side, one arm still around Dorian's chest, keeping himself upright just enough that he wouldn't tear a pillow with his horns.

"Was that," Dorian began, his words sounding thick. He cleared his throat before continuing. "Was that okay?"

"The magic? Oh, hell yeah. That was great," Bull said, sitting up and reaching over to grab a towel that was hanging over the back of a chair near his bed. "Clearly, I liked it," he said as he cleaned Dorian off.

Dorian rolled his eyes. "Well, excuse me for trying to be considerate. I know you don't like magic, that's all."

"I don't," Bull said slowly, looking away from Dorian as he spoke. "It's not... That isn't something I'd be okay with very many people doing to me."

"So it's just because it's me?" Dorian was curled on his side, already wrapped in the blankets, mostly for warmth. Bull was starting to get chilly too, the sweat cooling on his skin. He stood for a moment, stripped off the dirtied sheet, and grabbed the blanket Dorian liked; the soft one that trapped all the heat in.

"Yeah." Bull kissed him, and got mostly mustache, but it was still good. As soon as he got into bed, Dorian curled up next to him, his face pressed against Bull's shoulder. Bull wasn't surprised when Dorian fell asleep as soon as Bull started petting his hair. For once in his life, Dorian didn't complain about it, either. It was beyond messed up, anyway, and Bull loved it.

Eventually, his hand stilled and he slept, one arm still curled around Dorian, who responded in kind.

When Bull woke, Dorian was still fast asleep, having migrated to his chest in the middle of the night. He looked beautiful, his dark skin illuminated by the sunbeams that shone in through the still-unfixed holes in the roof. His stubble was darker and more noticeable than it had been the night before, and his hair was a mass of haphazard curls. Bull briefly wondered what he'd look like if he grew it out until it was past his shoulders, a heap of black waves that just begged to be pulled. He'd still be fussy about it if it was long, would pull it up into a ponytail or a braid when they were out in the weather and Bull would take it down for him at night, or watch him undo it himself.

He tried to stifle a chuckle at himself for fantasizing about a man who was literally on top of him, but it came out in a huff of air anyway. Dorian stirred and squeezed his arm, before going limp again.

"Morning," Bull said, and Dorian just pulled the blankets up higher, so that his head was barely sticking out from under them.

"It's too early," he said.

"Not really," Bull replied, because he was used to waking up as soon as the sun was up. "You going back to sleep?"

"No." Dorian looked up at him, blinking slowly and squinting in the sunlight.

"Hungover?"

"Surprisingly, I'm not."

"Not that surprising. You hold your liquor pretty well. I should get you some of the stuff we had in Par Vollen sometime. It'd knock you off your feet," Bull said, one hand smoothing down Dorian's back under the blankets.

Dorian smirked, one finger reaching up to curl his mustache, even though it didn't really stay curled. "Oh, come on, Bull, I'm from Tevinter, you should

know our booze is just as strong as yours. Possibly stronger. I could handle it.”

“Doubt it.” Bull smiled at him as he propped himself up on Bull’s chest.

“If I really put my mind to it, I could drink you under the table.”

“Now I know you’re kidding,” Bull said. He squeezed Dorian’s ass and Dorian squeaked, smacking him on the shoulder.

“That wasn’t very gentlemanly of you,” Dorian said, with the nerve to sound affronted.

“When have I ever claimed to be a gentleman?”

Dorian kissed him instead of replying, and Bull thought it a sneaky yet effective way to get out of answering a question. For a few moments, he responded only slightly, enjoying Dorian’s attention. Dorian’s fingertips traced over the scars on Bull’s face while he kissed him, his thumb curving around to the one under Bull’s blind eye. His eyepatch was still on the bedpost.

Lazy kissing wasn’t Dorian’s style, and it only took a few minutes before he was nipping at Bull’s lips and slipping his tongue between them. He reached between Bull’s legs and the curve in his grin matched the curve of his eyes as he grinned. “Already, Bull? Well. I shouldn’t be surprised, after all, I am the most handsome man in the Inquisition and possibly this entire half of Thedas,” he said, running a loose hand over Bull’s cock, not really stroking him but not shy about it either.

“So full of yourself,” Bull replied, ruffling the back of Dorian’s hair with his hand and kissing him on the temple.

“I’d rather be full of you,” Dorian said. After a beat, he stopped, laughed at his own joke, and leaned his head against Bull’s chest, his hand steadying himself on Bull’s hip. “Oh, *Maker*, that was awful. Your penchant for terrible jokes is rubbing off, I’m afraid.”

“Good,” Bull said, wrapping his arms around Dorian, tightly enough that Dorian couldn’t reach back down. “It’s cute.”

Dorian kissed Bull’s shoulder, right below a set of fading teeth marks. “Should I ask about the particular reason why you suddenly don’t seem so inclined to fuck me into the mattress?”

“Oh, I’m still inclined,” Bull said, the crow’s feet around his remaining eye deepening as he grinned. “Dorian.” His chest rumbled with the word and Dorian squirmed against him, his brain suddenly full of fresh memories of what his name sounded like when Bull was leaning over him, whispering in his ear and driving him closer to the edge. “Do you remember what I said last night about taking things slow?”

“What?” Right, breathing. He could do that.

Bull leaned up on his elbows so Dorian was now crouching over him, watching the muscles in his arm flex to hold him there. “You said you don’t know how to take it slow.”

“No,” Dorian said, “and thus far, that hasn’t been a bad thing.” He bent to kiss Bull, steadying himself with his hands on the Bull’s shoulders.

“It hasn’t,” Bull said, between kisses, “but. Sometimes, it can be... good. To slow down. I think you could use it.”

“I think,” Dorian straddled him, grinding against him in earnest now, moving his kisses down to Bull’s jaw, “you should get on with it and just pin me down and *take me*, already.”

Bull did roll them so Dorian was beneath him, but he did nothing more than kiss him, slow, his hands tangling in his hair. He rubbed the back of Dorian’s skull until he relaxed into it, throwing slim arms around Bull’s shoulders and melting under his touch. “I promise you, Dorian, we’ll get there eventually. But for now, just let me take care of you?”

“Yes,” Dorian sighed, and that was enough. Bull tilted Dorian’s head to kiss his neck, nipping and licking at his skin gently. He traced his fingers over

Dorian's body, starting with his shoulders and then curving around to his chest and down his side. He did it a second time, grinning when he felt goosebumps on Dorian's thighs.

"That's it," Bull breathed against Dorian's skin. "You're going to be so good for me, aren't you?"

That was where the snarky response usually went, but there was none. Dorian just gripped Bull's shoulders a little tighter for an instant, then relaxed. Bull kissed his lips once before nudging his face to the other side and kissing over the love bites he'd left there last night. "You alright?" Bull asked. He continued running his hands over Dorian's body, pausing to press his thumbs against pressure points on the way.

"Oh, yes, I'm... hmm..." the rest of his sentence dissolved into a moan as Bull traced the tendon that ran from Dorian's hips to his groin. Dorian was never quiet, per se, but most of his noises were witticisms, obscenities (usually in Tevene) and sharp, clipped shouts. Bull had never gotten a sound as soft as unguarded as this from him, or as sweet as the gasp Dorian made when Bull kissed his chest, right over his heart.

Dorian did swallow his next moan, though, when Bull's hands went to his knees to inch his legs apart. Bull could see his chest rise as he struggled around something, then fall in a silent rush of air. He crouched over to kiss Dorian, warmth bubbling in his chest when Dorian responded just as gently, tracing over the scars on Bull's eyes with his fingertips. "Hey," he said, leaning back just inches and watching the expressions moving across Dorian's face.

"Hey," Dorian responded, his eyes blinking open and focusing on Bull's face. Bull's hand traced down Dorian's thigh, close to his cock, but if he noticed, he didn't respond.

"Let me hear you," Bull said.

"I didn't think this was a shouting occasion," Dorian joked. Bull traced his cock, following the vein from base to tip, and his back bowed. Dorian tilted

his face into the pillow and smiled. “Oh. *That.*” Bull was hit with an urge to make Dorian smile like that as often as he could.

“Yes, that,” Bull replied. As he eased up, Dorian’s back straightened again and his hand fell to the Bull’s neck, rubbing in tiny circles and following the paths of even more scars. Dorian steadily became more restless, moving his hands, shifting his hips, even turning his head more often than he usually did. “Good,” Bull urged him, and as he sunk down between Dorian’s legs, his lover leaned up in kind, curling over him, unwilling to stop touching him. “Roll onto your stomach, Dorian.” Bull kept his hands on Dorian’s sides to shift him into a comfortable position, then ran over his back, working out the knots.

Bull had given Dorian massages before, but never as a sexual act. He knew where Dorian held his tension (the slope of his neck down to his shoulders, and the small of his back), and he’d worked those spots over with warm oil after one particularly long mission that left Dorian so strung-up on nerves that he couldn’t concentrate on his reading. This time, he kissed the nape of Dorian’s neck, tracing his hairline with the tip of his tongue. Dorian’s soft sighs reverberated under his hands, and when Bull rolled his hips, grinding his cock against the crease of Dorian’s thigh, he let out an absolutely gorgeous moan of Bull’s name.

Once Bull felt Dorian relax completely, he bent down again, wrapping sturdy arms around Dorian’s thighs. “What do you think you’re doing back there?” Dorian asked, twisting up onto one elbow to get a look at him.

“Tell me if you’re not into this,” Bull said, flattening his tongue out and licking along the length of Dorian’s perineum. Dorian’s response—a tiny yelp that could have been a hiccup, followed by a languid stretch and a groan—told Bull he was in fact *very* into this. Bull reveled in listening to Dorian’s sighs and whispers while he ate him out, barely audible over the sound of his stubble against Dorian’s inner thighs.

His grip on Dorian’s thighs moved up to his ass so he could spread him open, push his lips and tongue deeper, make Dorian’s moans louder, breathier. He paused only once, to lift his head, breathe heavily for a moment, and mutter, “Fuck, you’re gorgeous,” before dipping his head back

down. Dorian started to get antsy, squirming and rolling his ass back against Bull, who just chuckled against his skin and pressed his fingers harder against Dorian's thighs.

"Dorian," Bull said, and got an enthusiastic moan of his name in response. "Hey, Dorian, where's the lube?"

"Don't know," Dorian sighed, his voice muffled since his face was buried in his arms. He had the pillow up under his chest and he didn't look like he wanted to move anytime soon. "Haven't been here in a month, Bull, why would I know where your lube is?"

"Oh, yeah."

Dorian stayed still while Bull disappeared from the bed, turning his gaze to watch the way Bull's gray skin looked in the sunlight. He was sweating a little, and even from a distance, Dorian could see bruises on his neck and shoulders. He took a long drink of water and his throat bobbed—Dorian was overcome with the urge to bite it.

When Bull returned, Dorian twisted around and sat up, the muscles in his thighs protesting a little as he leaned up to kiss Bull's neck. Bull chuckled as he leaned backward, pulling Dorian over with him. Dorian kept kissing him, shifting his body so his cock slid against Bull's, making Bull's already-slick fingers slide on the bottle and nearly drop it. Eventually, he stuffed the cork back on and dropped it onto the bed, taking Dorian into his arms and pulling him up to kiss him.

"Bull, your face was just in my ass," Dorian pointed out. Bull's fingers were following the path his tongue had just taken, spreading him open and pressing in all the right spots.

"I washed my mouth out."

"Oh, so you did." Dorian tasted elfroot on Bull's lips; it must have been in the water. Bull kissed him again, pressing his tongue inside Dorian's lips and simultaneously working a finger inside him. Dorian breathed a curse

against Bull's lips and Bull slowed, pulled out of him, and eased Dorian onto his back, positioning him so his hands were above his head.

"Keep them there."

Dorian nodded, clenching his hands into fists as his eyes rolled shut. Bull's slick hand curled around his cock, stroking a few times before pressing into him again. He continued to kiss Dorian's hipbones, sucking on his sensitive skin and making him cry out. "Are you close?" Bull asked, licking the head of his cock before going back to kissing his thighs.

Dorian laughed, but it sounded a little too hysterical, a little too edgy, to have come from anything other than arousal. "You've been teasing me for *ages*, Bull. There's no way I'm—oh, fuck!" Bull flicked his finger against Dorian's prostate, leaning up to kiss him again, firm and slow. To his credit, Dorian didn't move his hands, but he did move his hips, rolling and fucking himself on Bull's fingers.

"I think you are," Bull said, pausing to let Dorian catch his breath. He covered Dorian's lips with his own, pressing his fingers in firmly and rubbing the base of Dorian's cock with his thumb, all of the sudden sending him hurtling to the edge. Dorian's whole body stretched out, his back an arch that pressed his chest against Bull's, head thrown back, legs wrapped around Bull's thighs. Bull could feel tremors through the whole of him as he came, could feel... *heat*, everywhere.

Too much heat, in fact.

Bull lifted his head, his eye taking a moment to focus on the streams of flame in front of him. "Shit, Dorian!"

Dorian, oblivious, pulled his arms down to put them around Bull, boneless and unnaturally cheerful in orgasmic bliss. "Dorian. Hey." Bull poked him in the sides.

"What? Do you need me to...?"

"No, Dorian, the curtains are on fire."

Dorian sat up immediately, only swaying a little, and the mess his hair had become would have been hilarious if Bull's room wasn't on fire. Never again did Bull want the experience of smothering a minor eruption in the nude (not only was it a mood-killer, but he was stuck with an angry red burn on one of his shins).

Dorian mumbled something that sounded like, "Maker's hairy balls," from behind his hands as he curled up on the bed, looking completely mortified.

"Damn," Bull laughed, still trying to catch his breath. "If I'd known you did that every time you got that excited, I'd keep more water on hand."

Dorian groaned. More curses. His face was bright red, and if Bull had to guess, it wasn't because of the fantastic sex. Bull curled himself around Dorian's body, kissing his head and rubbing his shoulder. "Hey. Don't be embarrassed."

"And why not? This was embarrassing."

"It was fucking hot, that's what it was."

"Right. Hot. Because of the fire," Dorian said, his laughter harsh and shrill at first, but dissolving into honest giggles. "Bull, I have to say, you're the only man who's ever made me lose it to such an... extreme."

Bull smiled and took one of Dorian's hands in his, kissing his wrist and his palm. "Well, the curtains were pretty ugly, anyway."

"Quite. Garish, even."